

POETRY.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Cast down, great God, the fates,
That, to unshattered gains,
Round us have risen—
Tumblers whose, priesthood bore
Mosses and Jesus o'er,
Then bolt the poor man's prison.

PIERPONT.

Look on him—through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His head upholds, his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill:
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague thrill!
Silent—save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
O sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lives that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh and fibre thrill and creep,
When'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime's a fouler one:
God made the old man poor!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of Hell!
For this—the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And for such a place of rest,
Old prison poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see,
Yon monument upreared to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty and fame,
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God,
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

* Bunker Hill Monument.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

While this distinguished statesman and patriot was Vice President of the U. States, it was customary for the individual holding the said high office, to attend to business more in person, than the refinements of more modern times will allow. It happened on one occasion that some important matter required his attention in Philadelphia, and some other places distant from the Capitol. In those days, a journey to Philadelphia was not to be performed in a few hours—it was two or three days travel, and not of the most pleasant sort either. On his return he stopped in Baltimore; it was about four or five in the afternoon, when the Vice President rode up, suiteless and unattended, to the tavern. A scotchman by the name of Boyden, kept the hotel, of late so much improved, and now so handsomely sustained by our worthy townsman Belzhoover. The backs of the town were assembled in the large hall, smoking, strutting, cracking jokes, and otherwise indulging in the et ceteras of the day. Boyden was at the bar examining his books, and doubtless making calculations in reference to his future prospects. Jefferson had delivered his horse into the hands of the ostler, and walked into the tavern to make arrangements in regard to his fare. Some one touched Boyden upon the elbow and directed his attention to the stranger who was standing with his whip in his hand, striking it occasionally upon his muddy leggings. Boyden turned round and surveyed him from head to foot, and concluding him to be an old farmer from the country, whose company would add no credit to the house, he said abruptly—"We have no room for you, sir."

Jefferson did not hear the remark, and asked if he could be accommodated with a room. His voice which was commanding and attractive, occasioned another survey of his person, by the honest proprietor of the house, whose only care was for its reputation. He could not find, however, in his plain dress, pretty well covered with mud, anything indicating either wealth or distinction, and in his usual rough style, he said—

"A room?"
Jefferson replied, "Yes, sir, I should like to have a room to myself, if I can get it."
"A room, all to yourself?—no, we have no room—there's not a spare room in the house, all full—all occupied,—can't accommodate you?"
The Vice President turned upon his heel, called for his horse, which by this time was snug in the stable—mounted and rode off. In a few minutes one of the most wealthy and distinguished men of the town came in

and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few moments before—
"Gentleman?" said Boyden.

"Yes, the gentleman who came up this instant on horseback."

"There has been no gentleman here on horseback this afternoon, and no stranger at all, but one common country looking fellow who came in and asked if he could have a whole room; but I asked him out of that mighty quick, I tell you,—I told him I had no room for such chaps as him!"

"No room for such chaps as him!"
"No bye the by, no room for any body that don't look respectable."

"Why, what are you talking about man? He's the Vice President of the United States!"

"Vice President of the United States!" exclaimed Boyden, almost breathless in astonishment.

"Why, yes, sir. Thomas Jefferson, the Vice President of the United States, and the greatest man alive."

"Murder, what have I done? Here Tom, Jim, Jerry, Jake; where are you all; here, fly you villains—fly and tell that gentleman we're forty rooms at his service!"—By George! Vice President—Thomas Jefferson! tell him to come back and he shall have my wife's parlor—my own room—Jupiter! what have I done? Here Harriet, Mary, Jule clear out the family! he shall have the best room, and all the rooms if he wants them. Off you hussies, put clean sheets on the bed. Bill take up this mirror. George, hurry up with the boot jack—by George! what a mistake!"

For fifteen minutes Boyden raved like a madman, and went fifty times to the door to see if his wishes for guest was returning.—The Vice President rode up to Market-st., where he was recognized by many of his acquaintances, and by them directed to the Globe tavern, which stood somewhere near the corner of Market and Charles streets—here Boyden's servants came up, and told him their master had provided rooms for him.

"Tell him, I have engaged rooms," said Jefferson.

Poor Boyden's mortification can be better imagined than told of: the chaps who were loitering about the bar and the large hall, and had laughed heartily at the disappointment of the muddy farmer, had recovered from their astonishment, and were preparing to laugh at their down-cast landlord.—After some time, he prevailed upon some friend to wait upon Mr Jefferson with his apology, and request that he should return and take lodgings at his house, promising the best room, and all the attention should be given him.

Mr Jefferson returned the following answer: "Tell Mr Boyden," said he, "I appreciate his kind intentions, but if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he shall have none for the Vice President."

[Baltimore Athenaeum.]

POOR JACK.

The following account is given by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, as having been related by a minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society:

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat.—The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war, passing by, discovered the plank and child, and a sailor, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer, "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of. (Presenting him with a bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, and it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life, before the reception of his bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needed food.

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found there was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man, his father, dying a penitent under his care! And judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that the same young stranger was his son—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea; and had no idea but that he had immediately perished. A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service and became a pious preacher of the Gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society bowed to the Chairman, and said, "Sir, I am poor Jack."

DO YOU PAY FOR A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.—I was going to ask the question in another form. "Do you read a religious newspaper?" but then I reflected that many read a religious newspaper who do not themselves pay for one, they being in the habit of borrowing from their neighbors, after sending and respectfully soliciting the loan of the paper before the family have read it; and not infrequently keeping it a length of time, greater than the golden rule will exactly justify. Then I had like to have thrown the question into this shape:

"Do you subscribe for a religious newspaper?" but it struck me all at once, that some subscribe for a paper, but do not pay for it. I have heard this complaint made I have no doubt there is foundation enough for it. I, for my part, would advise such persons to take a moral newspaper if they can find such a thing. That is the sort of paper they require. A religious is quite too far advanced for them. I do not know why those non-payers want to read a religious newspaper. I should suppose they would be satisfied with a secular newspaper. I can imagine

that they may desire, notwithstanding their delinquency, to know what is going on in the world, but why they should care to know how things go in the church, I cannot conjecture. What do those who do not give anything for value received, want to know about revivals, missions, &c. There are persons who would starve editors, publishers, printers and paper-makers—the whole concern into—a premature grave: who say, "Send me your paper," implying of course that they will send the money in return, yet never send it; yet they want to know all about the progress that is making in converting souls to God, and what is doing among the heathen. Is not this strange, that having never learned as yet to practice the first and easiest lessons of honesty, they should wish to read all about godliness and vital piety? So I concluded to head the article: "Do you pay for a religious paper?"

Do you read? If you do, continue to take and read, and pay for it; and be slow to withdraw your subscription. Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper does not, I hope that some one to whom this circumstance is known, will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article.—Who is he? A professor of religion! It cannot be: a professor of religion and not taking a religious newspaper? A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in that church! A follower of Christ, praying daily, as taught by his master—"Thy kingdom come," and yet not knowing, nor caring to know; what progress that kingdom is making. Here is one of those to whom Christ said, "Go teach all nations;" he bears a part of the responsibility of the world's conversion, and yet so far from doing anything himself, he does not even know what others are doing in promoting this great enterprise. Ask him about missionary stations and operations, and he can tell you nothing. He does not read about them. I am afraid this professor of religion does not "love the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."—Ah! he forgets thee, O Jerusalem.

But I must not fail to ask if this person takes a secular newspaper. O, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear then that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the church; and this being the case it is not so difficult to say where his heart is. He pays perhaps eight or ten dollars for a secular paper, a paper that tells him about the world, but for one that records Zion's conflicts and victories, he is unwilling to pay two or three. How can a professor of religion answer for this discrimination in favor of the world? How defend himself against the charge it involves? He cannot do it, and he had better not try, but go or write immediately and subscribe for some good religious paper; and to be certain of paying for it, let him pay in advance. There is a satisfaction when one is reading an interesting paper, to reflect that it is paid for. But perhaps you take a paper and are in arrears for it. Now suppose you were a publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and he was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do in that case? I just ask the question. I do not care about an answer.—Nevins' Practical Thoughts.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

Prescription for Hydrophobia. The Gazette de Sante (Gazette of Health) a medical journal published in Paris, contains the following article:—M. Marochetti, Surgeon of the Hospital at Moscow, being in the Ukraine, in 1810, was requested to give assistance to fifteen persons who had received the bite of a mad dog. A deputation of aged men waited upon him and entreated he would administer help to the unfortunate persons, thro' a peasant who during several years had acquired great reputation for curing hydrophobia. M. Marochetti consented on certain conditions. The country doctor then administered to fourteen of the persons confined to him in a peculiar way.—The fifteenth, a young girl of fifteen, was treated in the ordinary way for the purpose of proving the effect of both modes of treatment. To each of the fourteen he gave daily one pound and a half of the decoction of the buds of yellow broom flowers, and he examined twice a day under the tongue, the place where according to his statement little swellings were found containing the veins of madness. These swellings rose the third or ninth day, and were seen by M. Marochetti very soon after they appeared; they were touched with a red hot needle, after which the patient gargled the part with the decoction of broom. The result of this treatment was, the fourteen patients were cured in six weeks, whilst the young girl treated differently, died on the 7th day in convulsions of madness. Three years afterwards M. Marochetti paid a visit to the fourteen persons and they were all doing well. The same physician being in Padolia in 1818 had a new opportunity of confirming this interesting discovery.—The happy result of this mode of treatment was the same with reference to twenty-six persons who had all been bitten by a mad dog.

A matter for the nation to inquire into! The nation have a right to know whether Washington, the seat of our government, is, as rumor says, a place where public sentiment tolerates the most shameless licentiousness. Rumor says loudly that each year, as Congress commences its session, throngs of lewd females resort to the capital, and that in their business of open profligacy they are patronized by those men who sit in council upon the affairs of the nation. If this is so, it is a disgrace to the country, its capital, and its representatives, and whether it is so, every citizen has a right to inquire, and to know. If a lewd man is not fit for the office of justice of the peace in Kentucky, such a man most certainly is not fit for a station of honor in the national government. This matter should be investigated.—Jour. of Public Morals.

Bess. The Vermont Farmer recom-

mends the following method for securing bees when swarming:

Procure one or two hemlock bushes, four or five feet high, and fasten them in the ground as you do bean-poles, so as to stand firm with all their boughs on, with in a rod or two of the bee-house and nearly in front of it. When they swarm your bees will almost invariably alight on these, where they can be managed without the least trouble and the whole business finished in a very few minutes. Very often by rubbing upon it a little low balm you can make the swarm attach itself to just what limb you please. We have ourselves tried this year after year with perfect success.

PROSPECTS OF MICHIGAN. The Michigan yesterday morning brought into this city the greatest load of passengers that was ever landed here—there being not less than 7 or 800 souls. We learn that at Buffalo the rush to get on board of her was so great, that the captain refused passages to many persons previous to the regular hour of leaving—there being not room to accommodate them.

All the boats that come in seem to be loaded down to the extent of their capacity. Within a week past, there have been landed on our wharves from steamboats and schooners, at least 10,000 souls. This may seem to our eastern readers to be almost incredible, but we can assure them it is no exaggeration. At some of our hotels, and we have a great many, from 850 to 900 persons have taken breakfast in one morning.—Detroit Journal 31st May.

GREAT NATIONAL ENTERPRISE. A company of gentlemen of Boston, Portland, and Georgia, have obtained a liberal and perpetual charter, from the Legislative Council of Florida, and from the State of Georgia, for a rail road between St. Marks, upon the Gulf of Mexico, across the Isthmus of Florida, to come out upon the Atlantic at Brunswick in Georgia,—the distance 180 miles, by way of Coleman, upon the St. Mary's river; and a fine level route for a railroad, abounding with the best materials for the construction; and as there will be no serious obstacles of excavations and embankments to encounter, nor inclined planes with stationary power required, it may be safely estimated, that there is not another route of internal improvement in the United States where a double track rail road can be constructed 180 miles, for so small proportionable amount of money, and fraught with perpetual consequences, so important and beneficial to the stockholders, and the Union, and the general prosperity of the States.—N. Y. Journal of Com.

A DELIGHTFUL FACT.

Mr Editor.—Some months ago I communicated for your columns a statement headed, "A lamentable fact," giving an account of a northern minister, who went to the south and married a female slaveholder, with whom he was found at a horse race in England, after receiving tickets, procured at great pains, to attend an interesting religious anniversary. I noticed that this anecdote was copied into a large number of newspapers in various parts of the country. It gives me pleasure to communicate now an anecdote of an opposite kind, and I hope it may obtain equal publicity.

A minister of the gospel, in one of the cities of New-England, fell in love with a young lady from the south, who was on a visit to the place. He was favorably received. The lady was reputed to be very rich. Some were so unwise, while they congratulated the minister on his happy prospects, to speak of the fortune he was to receive with his bride. After a while the minister repaired to Georgia to visit the lady of his choice, and both he and his people, expected that he would return a married man. But when he arrived at the lady's residence, he learned that her fortune consisted of a large plantation of slaves! He revolted at the idea of becoming a holder of his fellow beings as bondsmen, and urged the lady to dispose herself of them, in a philanthropic manner, telling her he could not think for a moment of his or her being a slave holder. She demurred, consulted her friends, and replied, she could not give them up. Choose, then, said the minister, between your slaves and me; unless you part with your slaves I must return without you.—She adhered to slavery, and he to his resolution. Noble Christian! He returned to his parish without a wife; but as soon as the facts were known, his parishioners felt that they had new cause to love and respect their beloved pastor.—Emancipator.

FULLNESS—CHRISTIANS.—It is not in Christ as water in a vessel which, though large as the brazen sea, would, by constant drawing, soon be dry; but as water in a spring, which, though always flowing, is always full as ever. It is not in him like a lamp, which however luminous, consumes while it shines, and will soon go out in darkness; but like light in the sun, which after shining for so many ages, is undiminished, and is as able as ever to bless the earth with his beams.—Jay.

Rev. R. Hall.—This distinguished man was once asked what he thought of a sermon which he had just heard delivered, and which appeared to produce a great sensation among the congregation. His reply may suggest an important hint to some Christian ministers: "Very fine, sir; but a man can not live upon flowers."

Astonishing Expedition of the Press. It would seem that the Harper press is going forward with a rail-road velocity. These enterprising publishers have just issued "Tales of the Woods and Fields," 272 pages, in one volume—the whole edition stereotyped, printed, and bound in

THIRTY-SIX HOURS! So much for steam and stereotypes.—N. Y. Star.

The ground belonging to the Reformed Dutch Church in Exchange Place, (Dr Mathew's) was sold on the 17th inst. by auction, at an aggregate of \$285,400. The prices ranged from \$32,700 to 40,000 a lot.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

The wheat crops in Maryland have suffered so much by the fly, that the farmers, in some instances, have ploughed them up to plant buckwheat. The wheat sown late in the fall has done better.

From a 'Chapter of News' in Zion's Herald.

Our city is still infested with incendiaries and burglars. During the past week two or three attempts have been made to fire buildings, and as many houses entered and robbed.

An Irishman in Lowell lately drank twelve glasses of gin in half a day, and in a few hours after was a corpse.

Fanny Wright is now lecturing at Cincinnati. She does not succeed very well.

More than one hundred millions of yards of calico, it is said, were printed in this country the last year.

Five hundred men are already at work on the Bangor and Oldtown Railroad.

Counterfeit gold coin has been issued at Baltimore, so good an imitation of the half-eagle as to be hard to detect.

Great damage has been done to the cotton crops in the South, by the late rains.

A fire was raging, at the last accounts, in the woods of Searsburgh, Vermont, and was spreading towards Wilmington.—Three dwelling houses, a barn, two saw mills, and two bridges, had also been consumed in its progress.

A bill to abolish lotteries has passed the French Chamber of Deputies, 225 to 21. This is considered a premonition of the fate that awaits the gambling houses.

The Water Witch, a British Brig of war, lately captured a slave vessel at Whydah, on the coast of Africa, which had on board nearly 600 slaves.

The last lottery in Tennessee was drawn at Nashville on the 31st ult.—Henceforth, there can be no lottery drawn in that State. The prohibition of lotteries has been made a part of the State constitution.

A discovery is said to have been made, that if the bodies of men or animals be plunged for some time in a solution of corrosive sublimate, and afterwards dried, they assume the consistency of wood, and the air produces no effect upon them; and if the bodies be injected before they are plunged in the liquid, they will retain the color of life, and consequently form mummies far more perfect than the Egyptian.

Zinc, it is said, has been discovered in the State of New-Jersey.

It is reported that a convent is about to be erected at Lowell. Rather doubtful.

The man of contracted affections regulates his actions towards men by the consideration that such an one is of kin to me, and such another a stranger; but the man of high-minded benevolence regards all mankind as his brethren.—A Sanctified proverb.

A Canadian, incautiously thrusting his head to look into the cylinder of a steamboat plying between Montreal and Quebec, whilst the engine was in motion, had it crushed to atoms.

A Bahama paper states that considerable excitement was produced at Nassau, on the 6th of May, by the arrest of the officers and crew of the Portuguese slave ship Vigilante, after they had been set at liberty by the authorities—before whom they were brought on the charge that a number of the Africans had been thrown overboard alive, previous to the capture.

The Halifax Journal of June 13th states that there has been a sanguinary contest at the Magdalen Islands between the American fishermen and some men from Cape Breton. It is said several men were killed on both sides.

To preserve books.—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mold and damp.—Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never molds; and merchants suffer large losses of their leather to remain in the London docks, knowing that it can not sustain any injury from damp. This manner of preserving books with perfumed oil was known to the ancients. The Romans used oil of cedar to preserve valuable MSS. Hence the expression used by Horace, "Digno cedro," meaning any work worthy of being anointed with cedar oil, or, in other words, worthy of being preserved and remembered.—Green Gaz.

The Northampton Silk Company.—With real estate consisting of about three hundred acres, and an excellent water privilege and mills, situated 3 miles W. of Northampton, Mass. This company are proceeding in good earnest to cultivate and manufacture silk. They intend to stock about a hundred acres this year with engrafted trees, and are breaking up and leveling considerably more. They intend to put up machinery immediately in one of the present mills, for the manufacture of raw silk, which they have been obliged to import for want of the native article. All the cocoons that are raised in New-England this year will find a ready market here. In the autumn they will probably undertake the erection of a new factory building.—Hampshire Gaz.

SHEEP'S PELTS.

CASH and the highest price will be paid for PELTS, by E. R. MASON, & Co. Leicester, April, 1836.

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None need apply whose moral characters are not correct, who keep irregular hours, or regard the Sabbath only as a day of pleasure or business. No baggage can go in or out on that day, and no bills paid.

Travellers from abroad, of a literary or religious character, shall find a quiet home, where books and papers will always be furnished, and where no noise of "wine-bibbers," or "riotous eaters of flesh," or the fumes of tobacco, shall ever intrude.

ASENATH NICHOLSON.

Temperance House, 118
April 20, 1836.

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SARAH DOUGLASS.

Brandon, June, 30, 1836. 40-6

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